

Time

Time is a winding river
With neither source nor end;
And every year that passes
Is only one more bend.

Each fleeting day is a gliding wave
Upon that endless flow,
And the number that remains
Mere mortal will ne'er know.

If on that stream which we call life,
A certain course is plotted,
Then wasted hours are precious ripples,
In our league of time allotted.

There never was a living man
Who crossed the river with a dam;
So guard those drops that still remain,
For bygone time you'll ne'er regain!

Wilda Bennett



A Peek at the Sneakypetes

Horace was a sneakypete. In fact, he was Captain of the Sneakypete Guard, and had been twice decorated for bravery "above and beyond the call of duty." For the past week and a half, his platoon had been on night duty, efficiently guarding the nocturnal activities of the busy little sneakypete colony that flourished unseen in the huge drafty building that the humans used as a school. As he trudged wearily homeward across the cracked wooden floors, he reflected on the excellent suitability of the structure for the needs of a society like theirs. For instance, there were many snug little nooks and crannies that served admirably as homes. His own, in a well disguised crevice under the old wooden stairs, was a perfect example of such a dwelling. He quickened his gait, and his mouth began to water as he imagined the appetizing meal that, his wife, Mei, was probably setting out at that moment for him and their young daughter, Dorace.

Mei was a wonderful wife and an excellent manager too. She knew just where to find the most choice crumbs and scraps for their larder, and had special scavenging places, such as the waste-baskets of Room 20, or the cracks in the tables down in the boys' basement, from which she frequently carried home choice bits of orange peel or cake crumbs.

These appetizing thoughts were shattered by the shrill supersonic alarm signal that heralded the approach of a human. With the instantaneous reactions that had made him Captain of the Guard, Horace summoned his own squad to their emergency stations with a coded whistle that could be picked up by sneakypete ears in any region of the school. Then he turned and scurried back to his own look-out post on the window-ledge of Room 7.

Sure enough, there was a car parked on the gravel below, back by the barn. Strangely enough, the lights had just been turned off, but nobody was getting out. Horace sighed. Humans did the strangest things. Occurrences like this were quite commonplace, always disrupting the activities of the sneakypete community and causing extra guard duty, yet the humans themselves never emerged from the darkened vehicles. Vaguely he wondered if it was some sort of psycho-warfare, intended to unnerve them. Then he dismissed the thought. The extensive guard system (of which he was so justly proud), along with their brilliant camouflage techniques, had kept the bulk of the sneakypete population safe and undetected in their hidden bowers. True, the occasional straggler or adventurer was spied, causing shrieks and screams among the humans, and tremors of fear among the sneakypetes.

It was too horrible to contemplate the mass destruction and annihilation that would befall them if the extent of their population was ever discovered. Why, the spanking new (and very busy) maternity hospital, with its entrance conveniently situated behind the medicine cabinet of the Nurse's Room, would set off a full scale invasion of exterminators if it were ever uncovered. Then, the recreation hall underneath the stage, the bowling lanes in the gym ceiling, the baseball and soccer fields under the main corridor, even his favourite chocolate bar under the floor-boards of Room 7, would all be wiped out to say nothing of the huge swimming pool under Room 21, and the beautiful botanical gardens on the window ledge of Room 22. There would be no more friendly card games in the guard rooms, which had what was considered the safest entrance of all--snug behind the huge Latin dictionary on the third library shelf. Horace uttered a fervent prayer that the school would breed no diligent Latin scholars in the future. Perhaps, though, it would be wise to transfer headquarters to the locked glass shelves at the rear of the room, where they would be doubly safe.

However, he reflected, it would be a blessing if the pool rooms, -- which were entered by a minute crack in the tile under one leg of the principal's desk, -- were demolished. Those young folk were spending altogether too much time in that dingy hole -- far more than he and his friends had spent there at that age.

The cough of a car engine roused him from his musings, and, as soon as the vehicle had swung out of the driveway, he sounded the "all clear" signal, then once more hurried homeward to Dorace, Mei, and his long-overdue supper.

Democratic Rights

Carolyn James, 13

Those who live in a democracy have many advantages over those who don't. The first great advantage is the freedom of speech wherein the people have the right to say what they like about anything they wish. The second point is our freedom of religion which helps people to stay strong in times of war and to grow to know one another better in times of peace. As a democratic country we have freedom of the press which shows the people sides of issues which they might never see, otherwise. The right of free government by the people themselves is the way in which we, as the people, have something to say about the way in which our country is run. If we respect these rights and would like to keep them we should do our utmost to keep our country a free democratic nation.

Gayle Nesbitt, 9B.

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